THE
BRITISH HERO;
OR THE
VISION.
A
POEM.

Sacred to the Immortal Memory of *JOHN* late Duke of *MARLBOROUGH*, Prince of the ROMAN Empire *&c.*

He was a Man, take him for all in all,
I ne'er ſhall look upon his like again.

Hamlet.

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MDCCXXXIII.

To Her Grace

HENRIETTA,

Dutcheſs of *MARLBOROUGH*,

Princeſs of the Sacred *Roman Empire* &c.

MADAM,

THE following Stanzas, which were once under the Diſadvantage of appearing before Your Grace in their original Undreſs for Your private Peruſal, now beg leave to wait upon You in a Form more ſuitable to the publick Manner in which they venture into the World, and ſince they were always intended for an Offering to Your Grace, ~~he~~ the Author hopes You will not refuſe to afford them that Protection, which he humbly implores at Your Hands.

As he has not wanted Leiſure to reviſe his Performance, and to make ſome conſiderable Alterations and Additions to it, he flatters himſelf Your Grace will not find it changed for the worſe. It is indeed become almoſt a new Structure upon the old Model, and may not unfitly be compared to ſome Man of War rebuilt, or which has been ſo thoroughly renewed or repaired, that there is ſcarce the leaſt Timber or Tackling left of the old Ship.

Such

DEDICATION.

Such as it is, Madam, it humbly begs Your Grace's Acceptance, and tho' the Author may have Reaſon to apprehend the Diſcovery of its many Imperfections, yet he is bold enough to pretend to, and even to boaſt of one Piece of Merit, which neither the Rage of Criticks, nor the Rancour of Party can rob him of, which is, that his Work, however mean in it ſelf, cannot be denied to be a Proof of the Writer's Zeal and Veneration for Your late incomparable Father and His illuſtrious Family.

Having thus obtain'd the only end he propoſed to himſelf by the Publication of his Poem, he has nothing more to add than to beg leave to aſſure Your Grace, that he has the Honour to be with the moſt perfect Submiſſion and Reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Grace's

moſt faithful

moſt obedient and

moſt humble Servant.

PREFACE.

ANY *Attempt to revive the Memory of the Geateſt Captain, that ever* Britain *produced, can ſurely need no Apology with* Britons. *Elſe might the Author of the ſubſequent Pages be induc'd to tell the Readerin his Excuſe, that he thought he could not employ ſome of the many tedious Hours of an involuntary Leiſure more agreeably to himſelf, nor perhaps more uſefully, in ſome Reſpects, than by calling to Mind ſome of the moſt memorable Actions of a War, whoſe Concluſion, if the ſame wiſe and ſteady Counſels, that carried it on ſo triumphantly for many Years, had been purſued to the End without Variation, muſt in all Probability have proved as beneficial to all* Europe, *as our late incomparable Hero's ten Campains were glorious to* Britain, *and the Cauſe of Liberty.*

He might urge that he had obſerved with Surprize that nothing of any Conſequence, at leaſt in the Poetical Way, has been attempted ſince his Deceaſe in Commemoration of ſo avowed a Benefactor to his Country, but that he is willing to hope this Silence proceeds only from a Conſciouſneſs of utter Incapacity to perform any thing adequate to ſo vaſt a Subject. Yet might he not ſtill ask, ſince our Hero taught us to be bold and Succeſsful in the Purſuit and Recovery of the juſt Rights and Liberties of Mankind, what ſhould hinder thoſe, who have any Talents for Writing, from attempting at leaſt ſomething in His Praiſe, to whom we owe ſuch great and invaluable Bleſſings?

If

PREFACE.

If none but an Apelles *muſt paint an* Alexander, *or but a* Phidais *carve a* Jove, *where are ſuch Divine Artiſts to be found in this Age, or what muſt become of an* Eugene *or a* Marlborough *ſome Generations hence, when Tradition will be grown weak, and the ſtrongeſt Colours, as well as Marble it ſelf, faded and decayed, thro' the Injuries of Neglect and Time? Muſt the Third* William, *our late great Deliverer, and Founder of our preſent happy Eſtabliſhment, which has been ſo wonderfully brought about by Providence, be no otherwiſe tranſmitted to Poſterity than by ſuch periſhable Arts, or by the uncertain, tranſitory Reports of Fathers to their Children? Nay, muſt his late and preſent Majeſty, to whom all* Europe *is ſo vaſtly indebted for the univerſal Peace it has ſo long enjoyed, as well as their three Kingdoms in particular for their wiſe, ſteady, and merciful Government, be ſubject and confined to ſo limited a Period? God forbid! Hiſtory and Poetry, if done by faithful and maſterly Hands, will ſupply the Defects of Art, and redreſs the Ravages of Time, and* Alexander *and* Julius Cæſar, *the brighteſt Names of Antiquity, are ſtill preſerved to us by the generous Labours of* Arrian, Quintus Curtius, *and* Lucan, *when we have nothing remaining of the Painter or the Statuary.*

He makes no Doubt too but Britain *affords at preſent Men of as bright and as tranſcendent Faculties as either the Hiſtorians, or the Poet before mentioned, and equally capable of tranſmitting ſo great a Name, as That of* Marlborough, *to ſucceeding Ages, but whether Indolence or Prejudice has relaxed or kept under the active Spirit within them, it is but too apparent that they have not exerted it hitherto in ſo noble an Undertaking.*

As for his Part, tho' he is far from claiming the Privilege of an Adept *in the Poetical Chymiſtry, and therefore pretends to no Gift or Inſpiration from the* Muſes, *yet he has adventured from the ſtrong Impulſe of a juſt Admiration for the Memory of our* Britiſh *Hero, to try a firſt, tho' dange-*

rous

rous Experiment, and if the Projection ſhould not anſwer, as it frequently happens among his viſionary Brethren, he ſhall at leaſt enjoy the Satisfaction of having publiſhed his Acknowledgments, as a Member of that Community, which our Renowned Captain's heroick Actions not only preſerved, but rendered Glorious during his Management, and of having embarked in a Cauſe, worthy of the Spirit and Freedom of an Engliſhman.

He muſt own nevertheleſs that he is but too conſcious to himſelf of having little more to boaſt of in the following Performance, than the Merit of having ſketched out ſome few of the many ſurprizing Exploits of our Hero in the laſt War, and interlaced them with ſuch other Matters, Reflections, and Characters, as either enter into the Deſign, or naturally reſult from the Premiſſes, and ſeem adapted to the Piece he intended. He confeſſes too that when he firſt committed his Thoughts to writing, it was meant for his own Amuſement, and if afterwards he conſented to let them ſee the Light, he deſires it may be underſtood to have been done, not thro' any Conceit he entertained of his Work, (whoſe Imperfections he is himſelf the firſt to acknowledge) but purely to animate and excite by his Example ſome more elevated Genius to finiſh what he has ſcarce begun, or rather to erect a Monument of his Own to the Memory of ſo Great a Man upon a more ſolid Foundation. Then indeed he ſhould think he might have ſome Reaſon to boaſt of having contributed at leaſt to ſome noble Production upon one of the Nobleſt Subjects, that ever was treated by the Hand of a Maſter.

As to the Uſe of the Stanza, which he has followed in the ſucceeding Poem, he judges there needs little to be ſaid in its Juſtification, and the rather becauſe it has been practiſed not only by ſome of our moſt celebrated Writers at home, as the Immortal Spencer *among others, but by Thoſe too of the moſt undiſputed Reputation abroad, as* Arioſto, Taſſo, *and* Camoens, *whoſe Works, tho' not of the modern Claſs, are not*

ſure

ſure the leſs worthy of the high Eſtimation they are in. But as there is ſome Variation among thoſe, who have uſed it, in the Number of Verſes contained in every Stanza, as well as in the alternate Rhimes and Couplets at the End of each, he conceives that the Choice of either is arbitrary, as it beſt ſuits with the Writer's Ear or Fancy, ſince there ſeems to have been no fix'd Rules or Bounds preſcribed for this Sort of Numbers; with this Exception only, that each Stanza ſhould be alike Uniform to the End, unleſs varied perhaps now and then in the laſt Line, as it appears in the Beginning.

And now ſome may poſſibly ask, and not unadviſedly or unkindly, Cui bono, *or what Advantage after all doth this Author propoſe to himſelf by producing a Thing of this Nature, eſpecially if it be true, as it is given out, that he is one who has for many Years bent his Thoughts and Studies quite another Way, and from whom conſequently might be expected ſomething of a more ſuitable tendency, and more within his Province, if he could not abſtain from Writing? The Anſwer is, None: That great Leiſure has revived an old Inclination, or Folly, if you pleaſe; and it is hardly a Queſtion whether the wiſeſt of us all is not carried out of his Sphere, at ſome unguarded, unbuſied Hour, by ſome prevailing Paſſion, or* Foible, *as Mankind is conſtituted. So no Encouragement to Vice or Diſhonour intermingle with his Amuſments, but on the contrary the moſt exalted Valour and Virtue be the Subject of them, and theſe not quite deſtitute of Skill and Agreeableneſs in their Kind, the moſt rigid and ſupercilious Cenſor cannot ſay they are utterly inexcuſable. Beſide, as Failings and Follies are in ſome Degree Univerſal among Men, all that can be ſaid upon this Article is, That as they who commit the feweſt Faults are certainly the wiſeſt, ſo the ſhorteſt Follies are undoubtedly the beſt. This Obſervation may well put him in Mind of concluding this Preamble. Let it be only rememberd, that the indulgent, humane, and compaſſionate Anſwer, which was given in Scripture to thoſe who accuſed the Woman taken in Adultery, will be always worthy of Remark and Imitation.*

ERRATA.

SEcond Line of the ſecond Page in the Preface, read *Phidias*. In the Poem, ſecond Line in the third Stanza, P. 8. read *Europa*. P. 11. after *William's Self* ſhould be a Comma. P. 12. ſecond Line, inſtead of *the Fate*, read *thy Fate*. P. 30. l. 4. of the ſecond Stanza, inſtead of *Rites*, read *Rights*. P. 32. l. 5. for *vanquiſh'd*, read *vaniſh'd*.

THE

THE

Britiſh HERO.

WHAT *Europe* owes to *Marlborough*'s Martial Flame,
His matchleſs Victories, and immortal Name,
Firſt of the ſacred Maids is Thine to tell:
How *Albion*, led by Him, the Times reviv'd,
When her third *Edward*, and fifth *Henry* liv'd,
And oh! by what Reverſe her Glory fell.

Say, Goddeſs, whence th' amazing Turn proceeds,
And how to ſo much Light ſuch Gloom ſucceeds,
As hides the former Blaze, and ſhocks the Sight:
" What but a rooted Hate of *Britain*'s Cauſe,
" And Party-Schemes, deſtructive of her Laws,
" Could work a Change, like that of Day to Night?

" And yet amidſt this Dusk that wraps the Skys
" In groſs, thick Shades, a Gleam ſalutes my Eyes
" Auſpicious, glad Preſage of coming Day:
" Thus when a Cloud conceals the Sun from Sight,
" Athwart he darts a feeble Point of Light,
" And gives th' Expectance of a brighter Ray.

Here paus'd the Muſe, unwilling to retrace
A Scene, where *Albion*, ſtunn'd with her Diſgrace,
Foregoes her Conqueſts, and forgets her Fame:
To wave the Task awhile, ſhe wings her Flight
Where thouſand Charms attract the raviſh'd Sight,
And form a Palace worthy of its Name.

Triumphant ANNA bad the Structure riſe
For Him, who rais'd her Glory to the Skies,
Was it a Gift, or Debt to Valour due?
Where modern Hands ſo well our Eyes beguile,
We fancy 'tis throughout ſome *Roman* Pile,
Or that the *Britiſh Jones* the Model drew.

Hail *Blenheim!* once fair *Roſamond*'s Retreat
From Courts, where Beauty walks with ſlippery Feet,
Too oft th' unhappy Cauſe of mortal Strife:
And ah! what Miſchiefs tell-tale Annals trace
From thence, when panting with a King's Embrace,
The Miſtreſs ſunk a Victim to the Wife!

Where

Where the fam'd Bower to Sight impervious grew,
Delightful Gardens riſe, and court the View,
Such as with *Bridgeman*'s proudeſt Plans may vye:
Where Nature blended with ſuch Art is found,
The Muſe tranſported thinks 'tis Fairy Ground,
Or that another *Stow* deludes her Eye.

Thy Park how ſpacious, where the Fallow Race
As if in hallow'd Bounds ſecurely graze,
Nor dread the Huntſman's Cry, or Buckhound's Smell!
How ſweetly mix thy Lawns, Woods, Waters, Glades,
Thy rural Proſpects, and thy vernal Shades,
Where Quires of warbling Philomelas dwell.

Tho' ſuch the outward View, what Art can trace
Th' unnumber'd Charms that fill the inward Space,
Where Painting ſeems to breath, and Sculpture move!
WhereForms,ſcarce mute,fromLooms theEye deceive,
Such as *Minerva* deign'd her ſelf to weave,
When bold *Arachne* with the Goddeſs ſtrove.

Nor means the Muſe each Emblem to unfold,
The Task would endleſs prove, ſhould all be told,
A Heap ſo vaſt what Volumes would contain?
Unbounded, like the humorous Bee, ſhe roves,
That skims thro' flow'ry Meads, and ſcented Groves,
And culls, as Fancy leads, nor culls in vain.

Beſide,

Beſide, to trace the whole more Flegm requires
Than ſuits the Warmth of quick Pierian Fires,
Whoſe Heat relaxes in a labour'd Strain:
What they omit, ſtrict Hiſtory may ſupply,
Or *Blenheim*'s Pillar, tow'ring to the Sky,
In Proſe, not unally'd to Verſe, explain.

If Thou, the Mother of the Hero's Race,
On whoſe freſh Autumn with Delight we gaze,
Indulge her Flight, aloft the Muſe ſhall ſoar:
And ſhould the eldeſt of the Warrior's Line,
In whom the Virtues and the Graces join,
Accept her Zeal, what asks the Goddeſs more?

Then ſtately *Montague* ſhall deign to hear,
And each fair Daughter lend a willing Ear,
With good *Newcaſtle*, ample Theme for Praiſe:
Parental Love ſhall charming *Bedford* bring
The Voice to favour that attempts to ſing
Of *Marlborough*'s Triumphs in alternate Lays.

Each *Spencer* then ſhall grace the Muſe's Flame,
The fourfold Offspring of a matchleſs Dame,
Whoſe Form was beauteous, as her Soul refin'd:
Britannia wept her Loſs, and ſtill would moan,
Did not her Sons in ſweet *Diana* own
A Frame as lovely with as bright a Mind.

And lo! *Maria*'s ſelf, in whom we trace
Her Father's Mildneſs, with her Mother's Grace,
Haſtes to the ſhining Board her Seat to claim:
Hail, Heaven's late Gift! if ought the Muſe preſage,
Thy growing Charms ſhall warm the coming Age,
And every Virtue guard thy envied Fame.

Now many a Clime, and many a Danger paſt,
The long expected Heir appears at laſt
To cloſe the Scene, but ah, how ſhort awhile!
By Nature curious, and with Talents fraught,
He travels longer than at firſt he thought,
To deck with foreign Lights his native Iſle.

The *Gauls* he viſits, gay amidſt their Chains,
Nor ſhuns the rougher *Swiſs*, where Freedom reigns,
Or *Latium*'s ſubtler Sons, in Wiles profound:
Impartial he their Strength and Weakneſs tells,
On wide *Germania*'s jarring Councils dwells,
And *Belgia*'s little State with Union crown'd.

Here *Cupid* ſtops his Courſe, and with a Dart
So pointed Wounds his long-reſiſting Heart,
That *Hymen* lights him to his Nuptial Bed:
Where Love, by Merit rais'd, the Contract ſeals,
Joys ever new the conſtant Couple feels,
If there be Bliſs on Earth, 'tis ſo to wed.

Britain, that miſs'd thee long, well hop'd to ſee
Thy matchleſs Sires, great Youth, reviv'd in thee,
Godolphin's Wiſdom join'd to *Churchill*'s Flame:
Sprung from ſuch Loins, could'ſt thou have fail'd to prove,
Like them, the darling Object of her Love,
And ſhare with them in their immortal Fame?

But ah, how ſoon thou doſt our Hopes deceive!
Like ſome untimely Birth thy Loſs we grieve,
Doom'd only to be ſeen, and ſnatch'd from hence:
Where's Friendſhip now, and ſoft Compaſſion fled,
Th' untainted Honour of the Marriage-Bed,
The Soul of Muſick, and of Arts the Fence?

Vain Fence, alas! low lies the high-born Youth,
The Spring of Bounty, and the Shield of Truth,
The laſt, ah Grief! of great *Godolphin*'s Line:
Who now ſhall Merit in Diſtreſs defend,
Or Worth neglected, tho' approv'd, befriend?
A Task ſo rare, lamented Shade, was thine.

Now, heav'nly Gueſt, thou ſhun'ſt thy Friend's Embrace,
Nor deign'ſt, as heretofore, his Board to grace,
No more thy flowing Wit his Wonder claims:
Yet ſhall the Muſe thou honour'd'ſt when alive,
Attempt at leaſt to make thy Fame ſurvive,
And to her *Blandford*'s Praiſe devote her Flames.

But ſoft, fond Maid, here ceaſe your plaintive Stile,
And with ſublimer Strains your Grief beguile,
'Tis juſt the Offspring to the Parent yield:
The Hero ſhall your ſinking Spirits raiſe,
And ſudden change your Cypreſs into Bays,
With which ſo oft you crown'd him in the Field.

With *Shellenberg* begins th' adventurous Song,
Since War's firſt Fruits to *Shellenberg* belong,
Where Lines impervious hide th' embattel'd Foe:
But what avails the Covert, or the Mound,
The pointed Canon, or the Trench profound,
When *Marlborough* bids go on, and *Britons* ſtrike the Blow?

Hail glorious Sequel of a bold Deſign,
In which deep Thought and ſteady Courage join,
Thou Source of mighty Victories, yet to come!
Reviv'd by thee deſponding Nations raiſe
Their drooping Heads, and chaunt to Heav'n thy Praiſe,
Gaul from thy Period dates her coming Doom.

Thou, *Hochſtet*, follow'ſt cloſe, whoſe louder Fame
Bears to remoteſt Ages *Churchill*'s Name,
Which ſoars at once to Heights, ſcarce reach'd before:
Here join'd with *Gaul* the tough *Bavarian* tries
To turn the Scale, till thrice repuls'd he flies,
Dragg'd by the former's Fate, to *Belgia*'s diſtant Shore.

Henceforth,

Henceforth, auſpicious Day, on thy Return
What Pyramids ſhall riſe, what Incenſe burn!
What Peals from Brazen Tubes thy Glory ſpread!
Who ſaw'ſt the routed *Gauls* or bite the Field,
Or ſtruck with mortal Terror tamely yield,
With boaſting *Tallard* Captive at their Head.

What Verſe, immortal *Addiſon*, could trace
Like thine, th' impetuous Ardours of the Chaſe,
When his unnumber'd Foes the Hero preſs'd?
How ſeiz'd with wild Amaze, and panick Dread,
When to the *Danube*'s Arm for help they fled,
Th'inhoſpitable Flood o'erwhelm'd each ſinking Gueſt!

From this deciſive, providential Stroke
Europe fears no more the threaten'd Yoke,
By juſt Repriſals now ſhe ſpurns her Foes:
Britannia's valiant Sons, inur'd to Arms,
Th' enormous Pow'r of *Gaul* no more alarms,
Henceforth ſhe tumbles faſter than ſhe roſe.

Behold where th' *Auſtrian* Eagle ſoars amain,
She who erewhile lay panting on the Plain,
Pierc'd by the *Celtick* Cock, now cleaves the Skies:
Tow'ring ſhe mounts, and mends her ſteady Flight,
Till by Degrees ſhe gains her native Height,
Reſumes the Thunder, and to Vengeance flies.

Here view *Eugenius*, *Savoy*'s Boaſt, whoſe Name
Still echos thro' the hundred Mouths of *Fame*,
Unqueſtion'd Hero, Calm, Intrepid, Wiſe:
Quick to contrive, in Execution bold,
He ſeizes *Villeroy* in his ſtrongeſt Hold,
And ſcarce *Cremona* fails to be his Prize.

In fam'd *Hungaria*'s Plains his Courſe began,
Where his firſt Arms beſpoke the future Man,
Thro' Floods of *Turkiſh* Gore, there taught to wade:
Thrice did old *Iſter*'s conſcious Banks ſurvey
The fearleſs Victor trampling on his Prey,
E'er yet he crown'd his Labours at *Belgrade*.

Germania's Bounds ſecur'd, he quits the Chaſe
Of impious *Mahomet*'s deluded Race,
To free th' *Auſonian* States, by *Gauls* oppreſs'd:
O'er ſteep, impervious Heights unſeen he ſprings,
Saves gaſping *Turin*, Seat of kindred Kings,
And clears *Inſubria* round of every hoſtile Gueſt.

Amilcar's valiant Son, of *Rome* the Dread,
At *Cannæ*'s fatal Rout, leſs Terror ſpread,
Tho' *Rome* expiring at his Mercy lay:
Sated with Slaughter, and oppreſs'd with Spoils,
The *Carthaginian* ceas'd his Martial Toils,
And loſt the Fruits of that deciſive Day.

Not ſo *Eugenius* quits the *Lombard* Plains,
Again the tow'ring, Snow-clad Alps he gains,
Down to the *Rhine*'s laſt Surge purſues the Foe:
Eager to end his Work, ſo well begun,
Like mighty *Julius*, deems that nothing's done,
While ought in *Europe*'s Cauſe remains to do.

Nor leſs, brave *Amadeus*, is thy Claim,
Who ſpread'ſt throughout the War thy glorious Name,
For which ſucceſſive Crowns thy Temples grace:
To Kingdoms rais'd, O Victor, had'ſt thou known
Or how to keep, or to reſign thy Throne,
Would Heart-conſuming Grief anticipate thy Days?

See *Marlborough* there, in War of equal Name,
His Skill proportion'd to his Martial Flame,
Of Soul unmov'd in Conqueſt or Diſtreſs:
Thro' all the countleſs Toils of ten Campaigns
Nor Force, nor Fraud, his ſteady Courſe reſtrains,
Whom greater boaſts old *Rome*, or older *Greece*?

What Hand, like his, could quell th' unbounded Pride
Of tow'ring *Gaul*, that *Europe*'s ſelf defy'd,
Or frighted *Auſtria*'s tottering Throne ſuſtain?
Not *Edward*'s Son, or *Henry* ſo renown'd
In *Britiſh* Rolls, with more Succeſs were crown'd,
On *Agincourt*'s, or *Creſſy*'s fatal Plain.

Even *William*'s ſelf the *Perſeus* choſe by Fate
To reſcue fair *Britannia*'s ſinking State,
Ne'er ſoar'd to ſuch a Pitch, tho' high he flew:
Naſſau, 'tis true, the glorious Chaſe begun,
But *Marlborough* finiſh'd what he left undone,
One rouz'd the Lion, which the other threw.

When Chiefs, like theſe, concert ſome bold Deſign,
As when at fam'd *Malplaquet* once they join,
Where Woods, in Ambuſh form'd, withhold their Prey:
Tho' thouſand Deaths th' impervious Fence ſurround,
Thro' thouſand Deaths they climb th' aſpiring Mound,
And like a ruſhing Storm they force their Way.

Here *Villars* ſtands, diſdaining to retreat,
Gaul's ſole remaining Chief unconquer'd yet,
In Words triumphant, e'er in Action bold:
Tho' the high Barrier and deep Trench are join'd,
And thick embattel'd Squadrons move behind,
Scar'd with his Wound the *Gaſcon* quits his Hold.

Not ſo the Youth of Godlike *Naſſau*'s Race,
When mortal Fears his flying Bands diſgrace,
In utmoſt Peril leaves the dreadful Fray:
His Standard fix'd in Earth, to me, he cries,
Your once lov'd Leader on your Aid relies,
Reviving at his Voice, they turn and win the Day.

But ah, brave Prince, how ſhort's thy Valour's Date,
How ſoon alas! the World laments the Fate,
Thou riſing Hero, *Friſeland*'s Joy and Boaſt!
Tho' ſnatch'd by *Neptune*'s mad, relentleſs Rage,
Which Prayers nor Tears of Nations could aſſwage,
Thou liv'ſt in *Story*, tho' in *Maeſland* loſt.

Confounded at Events ſo ſtrange, ſo new,
Nor able to account from whence they grew,
Thus to a truſty Dame the Monarch ſaid:
What, are we then become the daily Sport
Of changeful Fortune, late her favourite Court,
And counting on her wonted Smiles, betray'd?

Are all our boaſted Arts, and Numbers vain,
By which ſo oft we triumph'd on the Plain,
And mock'd a Foe our Intereſt was to ſhun?
Whom to amuſe with Skill, not join in Fight,
At Diſtance brave, and threaten out of Sight,
Was long the meaſur'd Courſe our Armies run?

A Foe, that like a knotted, well-lopt Oak,
Receives new Life from each repeated Stroke,
The very Ax that wounds freſh Strength ſupplies:
Of *Hydra* ſcarce ſuch Prodigies are told,
Not the fam'd Serpent's Teeth produc'd of old
A growth ſo quick, or of ſo vaſt a Size.

Their

Their vaunted *Orange* at *Senef* gave Way,
And *Conde* ſhar'd at leaſt the doubtful Day,
At *Steenkirk*, *Landen* too, their Hero fled:
Yet when repuls'd by our ſuperior Fire,
With ſo aſſur'd an Air his Troops retire,
As if the Vanquiſh'd had in Battle ſped.

Long like a Comet's Blaze, that Threats fell Woe
To Nations, or their Chiefs that rule below,
With Glare amazing I the World affright:
Till Fortune, jealous of my dreadful Name,
In one ſhort Hour deſtroys a Life of Fame,
And *Blenheim*'s Sun ſupplants the Meteor's Light.

And now when ſtrict Confeſſion, many a Tear,
A Midnight's Maſs, and Penance moſt ſevere,
And every counted Bead, its Succour joins:
Bold *Marlborough*, like ſome Planetary Hour
That ſtrikes unlook'd for, with reſiſtleſs Power,
And Rage impetuous, ſtorms my boaſted Lines.

His hardy *Britons*, by their Leader fir'd,
As if with more than mortal Force inſpir'd,
The vaſt, impenetrable Fence ſurmount:
In vain *Alegre*'s doughty ſelf I choſe
Their Wild, Romantick Fury to oppoſe,
Himſelf made Captive, ſwells the black Account.

Nor ſtops the fierce, unſated Warrior there,
But ſworn at once to finiſh my Deſpair,
Swift, as the Bird of *Jove*, he wings his Way:
In proud *Ramilia*'s Plain, O hated Name!
A ſecond *Hochſtet* crowns the Victor's Fame,
And *Gaul* receives her Doom on that important Day.

Rift with the ponderous Stroke, a well-link'd Chain
Of Forts, which Armies might aſſault in vain,
Unguarded now their uſeleſs Strength betrays:
Whole Provinces the driving Tempeſt ſhare,
While *Gaul* itſelf lies open to the War,
And dreads at Home the Flame, ſhe meant abroad to raiſe.

As an old Lion, worn with Age and Toil,
Of Teeth and Claws bereft in many a Broil,
Still when attack'd th' unequal Combat tries:
He foams with Rage, unus'd to be controll'd,
To find his wonted Arms forego their Hold,
And mad with Anguiſh, thro' the Deſarts flies.

So I, tho' bent with Years, and ſunk with Woes,
At *Oudenard* preſs'd Diſdain to ſhun my Foes,
My Strength exhauſted I again retire:
Here young *Auguſtus*, *Albion*'s Hope, diſplays
His native Worth, and reaps unborrow'd Praiſe,
While my own Race, at Diſtance view the Fire.

What Numbers can the Fate of *Liſle* rehearſe,
Whoſe Siege to tell might ask a *Boileau*'s Verſe,
Where *Gaul*'s collected Force her Bulwark ſhields:
Tho' ſpringing Mines, and Flames unceaſing join
With Floods let looſe, to thwart the raſh Deſign,
Tho' *Vendome*'s ſelf approach, my darling Fortreſs yields.

A Foe ſo daring, and an Act ſo bold,
What Age to come will credit, when 'tis told
By what *Herculean* Toils the Fort was won:
How *Temple*, *Britiſh* Chief, whom every Grace
Adorn'd, the Boaſt, and Pillar of his Race,
Oft mounting to th' Attack a thouſand Dangers run.

The conſcious *Scheld* to aftertimes ſhall tell
How *Bruſſels* was reliev'd, and *Tournay* fell,
At *Winendal* how ſhameful my Defeat:
Where gallant *Web*, to *Gaul*'s eternal Stain,
When proud *La Motte* deſpis'd his little Train,
With ſcarce a Handfull did an Army beat.

Where's now of univerſal Sway thy Plan,
Deluded Monarch, once th'immortal Man,
Whom nought but *Europe*'s Empire would content?
Caught in the fatal Snare, for others laid,
Thou by thy own Devices art betray'd,
Thy Foes exulting at the juſt Event.

So *Agrigentum*'s fraudful Tyrant far'd,
He, who with Flames unſeen by Art prepar'd
A Brazen Bull, in which his Foes he pent:
Till rouz'd to Vengeance at the Wrongs they bore,
Mankind uniting made the Monſter roar
In the ſame Fires, which he for others meant.

To me each Scoffer now the Frog applies,
Who envying once the Heifer's bulky Size,
Swell'd hourly, till he burſt his puny Frame:
Thus had not curs'd Ambition fir'd my Breaſt,
Nor Dreams of boundleſs Rule diſturb'd my Reſt,
I ſtill might be a King in more than Name.

The Stateſman now, with many a Secret fraught,
Henceforward ſets his *Machiavel* at nought,
Where each Succeſs on Force or Fraud depends:
The Warrior too, whom ſtable Maxims ſway'd
Before, renounces his uncertain Trade,
And crys, 'tis Chance, not Art, the Sword befriends.

The Levee-Dangler, of *Camelion* Race,
Who liv'd on th' airy Proſpect of a Place,
To ſtarving Patience, worſt of Ills, is left:
No more to Circles with erected Mein
He haſtes, e'erwhile ſo preſſing to be ſeen,
But lags behind, of Hope it ſelf bereft.

The buskin'd Troop in Opera's wont to raiſe
From ſtrain'd, romantick Flights, my high flown Praiſe,
Or ſoften rugged Truths with ſoothing Sound:
No more the Scene with graceful Meaſures tread,
Inchanting Muſick hangs her drooping Head,
And mimick Action ſhuns th' abandon'd Ground.

The cautious Stranger, who with vaſt Surprize
Feeds on my painted Roofs his raviſh'd Eyes,
Where *Jove* triumphant, in my Form is plac'd:
Burſts out, indignant, when the borrow'd Sire
Of Men and Gods aſſumes the Thunderer's Fire,
And ſwoln with Anger, lays whole Nations waſte.

No more aloft the *Pageant* Hero ſprings,
He crys, nor tramples on the Necks of Kings,
His latter Fate, *Le Brun*, thy Plan defames:
Unleſs ſome juſter Hand, thy *Jove* deface,
And draw mad *Phaeton* in th'*Olympian*'s Place,
Th' aſpiring Fool, that ſet the World in Flames.

How am I fal'n indeed, like that raſh Boy,
Whoſe burning Thirſt of Rule was all his Joy,
Like him, from Glory's Summit headlong thrown!
Still more unhappy, as no Friend appears
To ſhare my Sufferings, or beguile my Fears,
But Friends abandon whom their Stars diſown.

When young, to what amazing Height I roſe,
Boaſt of my Race, and Terror of my Foes,
By every Muſe uplifted to the Sky:
Deſpreaux then ſung, the *Flaccus* of his Age,
Corneille rais'd Admiration in each Page,
And ſoft *Racine* drew Tears from every Eye.

In Age how ſhifts the Scene! my Court thin ſpread
With pale, dumb Shades, as if *Carthuſians* bred,
The gloomy Cloiſter's ſullen Aſpect bears:
My Councils, mute with Grief, no Help afford,
My Soldiers ſheath an unavailing Sword,
And every Face a moving Sorrow wears.

Had *Buſſy* liv'd, whoſe bold, ſatyrick Flame
Dar'd to his Coſt, my looſer Hours proclaim,
When Love and War alternate ſhar'd my Throne:
He, whoſe repenting Muſe, in Sorrow drown'd,
Firm to the laſt my juſt Reſentment found,
To ſooth my Anguiſh, would have check'd his own.

Yet thou art ſilent, whoſe Advice ne'er fail'd
To bring ſweet Comfort, when ill Stars prevail'd,
Whoſe Arts were wont to prop and deck my Throne:
More than its Partner thou, my boſom Friend,
Able alike to charm, and to defend,
By wond'rous Gifts of Mind, excell'd by none.

Speak, if as heretofore I always found
Thou haſt a Balſam ſtill for every Wound,
Ah, quickly to my tortur'd Soul give Eaſe:
If haply there be Cure for Ills, like mine,
What Mouth for Council is ſo skill'd as thine,
Which when it liſts, breathes War, or dictates Peace?

Too late I ſee to what ſurprizing Height
Th' intrepid Hero wings his daring Flight,
Whom Juſtice governs, and whom Wiſdom guides:
Earth's Bounds alone his Progreſs ſhall controul,
Nor Toils nor Dangers ſhake th' undaunted Soul,
Where Thirſt of Freedom and of Fame reſides.

He ſaid: the gifted Matron thus return'd.
How I your Fortune's ſtrange Reverſe have mourn'd,
Theſe Streams ſtill flowing from my Eyes, confeſs:
But tho' vain Grief may ſuit our tender Frame,
In your ſuperior Sex it turns to Shame,
Man ſinks to Woman, in ſo ſoft a Dreſs.

Then rouze, nor let it thro' the World be ſpread,
That once unmanly Tears a Monarch ſhed,
What Arms have loſt, by Art we may retrieve:
And tho' the Lion's Claws be par'd and torn,
The Semblance of the Fox, if timely worn,
Tho' ſtale the Slight, may yet the Foe deceive.

Hear then, if Souls in Bliſs can ought foreſee,
How vaſt a Change th' unerring Fates decree,
To me 'tis given their inmoſt Folds to trace:
Your generous Confidence, and matchleſs Flame
For one, whoſe Story muſt debaſe your Fame,
Inforce the grateful Senſe your Bounties raiſe.

From my Example learn the Turns of Fate,
Which doom'd me once an abject Cripple's Mate,
In whoſe facetious Muſe was all our Store:
Thus low at firſt, to ſuch a Height I grew,
No Comet e'er ſuch Admiration drew,
Nor could your once ſwift Conqueſts challenge more.

Scarce unpoſſeſs'd of Royalty I ſhine,
And all its Honours by your Grace are mine,
No Boons you grant but what my hand beſtows:
In this exalted State Self-Love alone
Would prompt my Courage to ſupport your Throne,
Hear then with Wonder what the Fates diſcloſe.

The Saint, whoſe hallow'd Shrine and myſtick Fire
Suppreſs the raging Flames of looſe Deſire,
And form of worldly Nymphs a heavenly Train:
As in the dead of Night I wakeful lay,
Shot thro' my Curtains, like a Solar Ray,
And thus pronounc'd a more than mortal Strain.

Thou, who preſid'ſt o'er all my ſacred Rites,
In whom thy Saint confides, thy King delights,
Whom wondring Nations almoſt Queen behold:
Attend, nor is for nought this Viſion ſent,
Know 'tis a Sign the Powers above relent,
And *Gaul*'s Deliverance by my Mouth unfold.

The Time's at Hand, when her inſulting Foe
Shall ceaſe to conquer, and his Spoils forego,
The trembling Prey within his Gripe releaſe:
Diſcord and Faction ſhall his Laurels tear,
And fierce *Britannia*, Miſtreſs of the War,
Shall to the Vanquiſh'd yield, and ſue for Peace.

O unexampled Turn of winding Fate,
Unheard of Fortune of a falling State,
The Dream of Fools, and Fable of the Wiſe!
Tho' *Gaul* wax faint with many a bleeding Wound,
Tho' *Albion*'s Triumphs to the Stars reſound,
The Dying conquers, and the Victor flies.

One more Campaign had *Gaul*'s laſt Frontier broke,
And ſtately *Paris* felt the *Britiſh* Yoke,
Arras, or *Cambray* won, the Labour ends:
At ſuch a *Criſis* to diſarm the Foe,
And turn upon himſelf the threatned Blow,
For the whole War's Miſtakes makes large amends.

Now what avail his vaſt, united Powers,
And ten Years Triumphs, ſince the Prize is Ours?
Vain Conqueſts raiſe but ill the Conqueror's Fame:
Exhauſted Treaſures, and fell Party-Rage,
Which Time can ſcarce repair, or Laws aſſwage,
Are all the Trophies his own Annals claim.

With *Temple* firſt begins this turn of State,
What Tongue can *Temple*'s ſolid Worth relate,
The Camp's Example, and the Court's Delight?
Firm to his Cauſe, in Senate or in Field
He to his Country's Foes diſdains to yield,
And like the Sun he ſets to riſe more bright.

To *Townſhend* ſoon the whirling Change proceeds,
Who the ſame Path with equal Glory treads,
Scorning for private Ends a publick Place:
In early Youth for Skill and Caution fam'd,
He to the *Belgian* Embaſſy was nam'd,
Where his own Barrier-Treaty ſpeaks his Praiſe.

A Day ſhall come, when Worth, like his, ſhall blaze
Anew, and ſhine with more diſtinguiſh'd Rays,
Unſhaken Truth again his Breaſt inſpire:
Till worn with Toil, at his own Suit diſplac'd,
His Zeal unleſſen'd, and his Name unrais'd,
Wiſely he ſhall from Courts again retire.

Somers, ſuperior Genius, next withdraws,
An abler Lawyer never pleaded Cauſe,
Did ever Chancellor more grace his Truſt?
What Subject e'er was fitter to preſide
In Councils, or the Helm of State to guide,
True to his Prince, and to the Publick juſt?

Whene'er he ſpoke what Energy was found
In every Word, what Muſick in the Sound,
The Senate's Oracle, and Council's Guide?
Such his unqueſtion'd Worth, his Skill ſo rare,
To ſettle Crowns was truſted to his Care,
And future Monarchs on his Zeal relied.

The great *Godolphin* follows, whom to name
Alone implies the moſt exalted Fame,
Conſummate Stateſman, ſteady, faithful, wiſe:
While he directed, ſcarce a Day paſs'd o'er,
But Peals of joyful Canon ſhook the Shore,
And *Albion*'s Triumphs reach'd the vaulted Skies.

What Fleets, what Armies were by him ſuſtain'd,
What Towns abroad, what Laws at Home were gain'd,
To what a wondrous Height did *Anna* riſe?
Tho' Guardian of the publick Wealth he ſtood
For nine whole Years, unblemiſh'd, unpurſu'd,
With empty Hands and upright Heart he dies.

I ſee

I ſee the Man, who twice five Years maintain'd
His Country's Cauſe, and many a Battle gain'd,
To blind, domeſtick Rage, a Victim fall:
In height of Conqueſt ſtript of his Command,
The willing Exile quits his native Land,
Till Time and Fate the injur'd Chief recall.

Abroad Victorious, and ador'd at Home,
The Scourge of *Carthage*, and the Shield of *Rome*,
Thus Godlike *Scipio* fell, by Fraud oppreſs'd:
Accus'd like him, undaunted, and ſedate,
Like him too *Marlborough* bears his adverſe Fate,
Nor hides the leaſt Reſentment in his Breaſt.

Erect he ſtands amidſt his clamorous Foes,
And ſcorns th' unſeemly Dirt their Malice throws,
Then to their noiſy Taunts he thus replies:
" Should *Albion* once again my Aid demand,
" She ne'er ſhall want a faithful Patriot's Hand,
" That loves his Country, but her Foes defies.

Then round th' Aſſembly with his wonted Mein,
A conſcious Merit in each Motion ſeen,
He throws a parting Look with matchleſs Grace:
Now turning where his Friends in Grief appear,
The Hero melts to ſee them touch'd ſo near,
And guſhing Tears bedew his manly Face.

What Scene was e'er ſo moving to the View?
Even Envy's ſelf, that ne'er Compaſſion knew
Before, laments the Man whom moſt ſhe dreads:
Withdrawn, he leaves his better part behind,
His deathleſs Fame, to no Retreat confin'd,
Supplies his Abſence, and his Laurels ſhades.

Yet ſee thoſe *Britons*, who in many a Fight
Had ſtood the Brunt of *Gaul*'s ſuperior Might,
Foremoſt in Dangers, and to Victory bred:
Soon as new Plans their darling Chief diſgrace,
How do they hail the Man that fills his Place,
By open Threats, or ſecret Wiles miſled!

No more with Hopes of wonted Battles fir'd,
Their Spirits flag, as if with Conqueſt tir'd,
And prove an eaſy Prey to Party-Broils:
Tho' ſtartled at the War's inverted Scheme,
They move reluctant with the changing Stream,
And quit the brave Companions of their Toils.

Thus headlong Faction in a deſtin'd Hour
Diſſolves the Bands of ſtrong, confederate Power,
That *Gaul* ſubſiſts to Diſcord's Flame we owe:
In this one Act her ſingle Force unties
A Knot, which elſe all human Strength defies,
The vanquiſh'd Triumphs now without a Blow.

Gaul, like the Palm, by Dint of Preſſure ſpreads,
No more her Lilies bend to Earth their Heads,
But riſe aloft, and ſhade the Climes around:
In Arts unconquer'd ſhe the Secret knows
To ſtop the rapid Progreſs of her Foes,
And reach again the Skies, tho' levell'd with the Ground.

Men's Paſſions, mounting quick, as ſoon ſubſide,
Like Seas revuls'd with each alternate Tide,
Now ebb, now flow, increaſe and ſink by Turns:
Thus many a Lover, rais'd to ſudden Flame,
Warmly at firſt purſues the fancy'd Dame,
Then lightly quits the Fair, for whom e'erwhile he burns.

So when two rival Kings with equal Force
Contend for Conqueſt at th' *Iberian* Courſe,
Hard proves the Tugg, e'er one his Claim foregoes:
But when the long-conteſted Prize is won,
The Victor grieves that e'er the Race was run,
And ſlights the Palm, for which the Strife aroſe.

Faireſt of Iſles, for Liberty renown'd,
But changeful as the Waves that gird thee round,
Whom Deeps unfathom'd from the World divide:
What Frenzy prompts thee to transfer thy Truſt
From him, whoſe Valour laid thy Foes in Duſt,
To one devoted to the vanquiſh'd Side?

And thou, ſucceeding Chief, whoſe ancient Flame
In *Albion*'s Cauſe adorns thy noble Name,
What ſudden Cloud o'ercaſts thy brighter Days?
In *Landen*'s hapleſs Field thy Courage ſhines,
The Patriot there with the young Hero joins,
And *Vigo*'s Trophies ſince increaſe thy Praiſe.

Thus glorious had'ſt thou fix'd thy Period here,
Nor ſought new Triumphs in a borrow'd Sphere,
Would'ſt thou in foreign Climes an Exile ſtray?
But when a long Diſguſt with Party joins,
And Change of Hands gives riſe to new Deſigns,
Ambition bids go on, and Vengeance leads the Way.

For ten ſucceſſive Years a Royal Dame
On Great *Eliza*'s Model builds her Fame,
Boaſt of her Sex, and Wonder of her Time:
Could ſhe unſhifting to the End purſue
The ſteady Meaſures, whence her Glory grew,
Beyond *Eliza*'s Height would *Anna* climb.

While *Marlborough* o'er her conquering Arms preſides,
And wiſe *Godolphin* all her Councils guides,
No Queen in Story was like *Anna* bright:
Thoſe Suns once ſet, an univerſal Gloom
O'erſpreads the Globe, as if 'twere Nature's Doom,
And all her former Day is chang'd to Night.

With loud Pretence, but with unequal Force
New Racers undertake the dangerous Courſe,
Who meaſure for a Time the bounded Space:
Till ſpent with Toil, and conſcious of the Speed
Of rival Courſers, whoſe Approach they dread,
They leave the beaten Track, and lead a Wild-Gooſe Chaſe.

Say you, whoſe Arts could wiſer Heads controul,
What Bait allures you to o'erlook the Goal,
When all to nothing for the Prize you run:
Had you but once the circling Ground ſurvey'd,
And call'd your boaſted Cunning to your Aid,
Your ſelves had born the Palm, which others won.

What Craft or Skill could ſuch a Scheme contrive?
What Zeal of Party make a Project thrive,
Where private Pique ſways more than publick Praiſe?
Say why, when Fate propitious to your Vows
A lucky Peace on your own Terms allows,
Your Country's Friends you drop, her Foes to ſave.

Again, who knows not that the looſeſt Times
Of old, tho' winking at domeſtick Crimes,
The common Rights of Nations ſtill maintain'd?
That thoſe, how Great ſo'er, who dar'd defy
The publick Faith, that univerſal Tye,
Were ſtrictly cenſur'd, tho' a *Nero* reign'd?

Yet when the Helm you guide, leſs Vigour's ſeen,
Witneſs the mangled Agent of your Queen,
Whom hireling *Gauls* on *Alpin* Heights ſurprize.
Tho' truſting to his ſacred Charge he bleed,
And Laws of God and Man for Vengeance plead,
Th' Aſſaſſins 'ſcape, and the Remembrance dies.

If ſuch Rewards on publick Service wait,
Thrice happy they, who in a private State
Far from a thankleſs Court's Allurements dwell:
Where Independence reigns, and Virtue ſmiles,
And well-plac'd Love Life's tedious Hours beguiles,
There breathes Content, tho' in an humble Cell.

But ſee, their new-rais'd Structure to maintain,
How the raſh Builders all their Sinews ſtrain
Immortal *William*'s Fabrick to o'erthrow:
Thy Genius, *Albion*, thwarts the mad Deſign,
The half-bred Workmen fear to ſpring the Mine,
Tho' four long Winters had prepar'd the Blow.

Tis now too late, their chymick Hopes are paſt,
Th' unbleſt Projection mocks their Toils at laſt,
In vain they'd cover what begins to glare:
But lucky Jarrs among themſelves prevent
Its further Growth, ſome puſh, and ſome repent,
And all their fine-ſpun Schemes are built in Air.

By Feuds, like theſe, *Gaul* rears again her Head,
She who e'erwhile ſo low, appear'd as dead,
Revives at once with Aſpect undiſmay'd:
Routs her unguarded Foes, at *Denain* caught,
Wins back by Art, what they by Valour got,
And triumphs in her Turn by *Albion*'s Aid.

Surprizing Change! now *Spain* returns apace
To her old Yoke, and crouching ſues for Grace,
Not ſo her braveſt Sons for Mercy plead:
Their terms rejected, and their Rites deny'd,
Undaunted they the laſt Extreams abide,
And loſs of Freedom more than Tortures dread.

Bluſh *Albion*, who not only ſaw'ſt their Woes
Unmov'd, but did'ſt aſſiſt their mortal Foes,
And yet not thou, but they who rul'd thy State:
Say, what Excuſe could thy Conductors Frame
For leaving thoſe, who their known Laws reclaim,
And letting brutal Force decide their Fate?

Baſe, and unworthy of the *Britiſh* Name,
Who dar'd the ſacred, publick Faith diſclaim,
Can raſh Engagements be for Crimes a Plea?
Your injur'd Country the foul Act deteſts,
Such rank Injuſtice ſtains not *Britiſh* Breaſts,
Such as paſt Times ne'er view'd, nor ſhall the future ſee.

Brave *Catalans*, ſeduc'd by Freedom's Charms,
In Treaties faithful, and renown'd in Arms,
How undeſerv'd and dreadful is your Lot!
The noble Stand you made in *Europe*'s Cauſe,
For trampled Rights, and for expiring Laws,
For which, hard Fate! you ſunk, ſhall never be forgot.

Now ſhall the blended Crowns, tho' Clouds ariſe
That blacken for a Time their kindred Skies,
Henceforth unite, while Blood and Intereſt hold:
How do the vaſt, contiguous Empires reach
From *Britain*'s Channel down to *Calpe*'s Beach,
Where great *Alcides* fix'd his Bounds of old.

What hinders then, but the late darling Scheme,
Tho' failing in your Days, no ſick Man's Dream,
Some luckier Juncture may in Time renew?
If *Gaul* alone could *Europe*'s Powers abide,
And ſtem for half an Age ſo ſtrong a Tide,
With *Spain* to friend, how boundleſs is her View!

One Bar ſtill lies acroſs, for lo! the Time
Draws nigh that ſhall protect a neighbouring Clime,
Sophia's Son to *Anna*'s Throne ſucceeds:
War threats again, but all Efforts are vain,
Pacifick *George* begins a *Halcyon* Reign,
And *Europe* long enjoys the reſt ſhe needs.

From *Anne*'s Demiſe a noted Æra ſprings,
That gives to *Britain* a new Race of Kings,
Celeſtial Aid, for her Deliverance ſent:
Her late deſpairing Sons now ceaſe to mourn,
Their Fears are vanquiſh'd, and their Joys return
With *George*, and Fortune crowns the great Event.

What Nation in Effect, or Age e'er view'd
A Prince by Nature more inclin'd to Good,
Humane, Beneficent, Wiſe, Steady, Mild?
Thro' his whole Reign what Inſtance can be ſhewn
Where Juſtice fail'd, or Mercy ſhun'd the Throne,
When Guilt repented, or Occaſion ſmil'd?

Reſtor'd to his Command now *Marlborough* waves
Again the Truncheon, and his Country ſaves
Once more, tho' abſent he directs the Fight:
The *Clans* ſubdu'd, their Leaders ſcow'r away,
For ever doom'd in foreign Lands to ſtray
With him, who hopes to gain a Crown by Flight.

Who but a Party can their Fortune grieve,
What Mortal can excuſe, or Prince forgive
Whom wiſeſt Laws, nor ſacred'ſt Oaths could bind?
Whom fraught with Treaſon, impotent, and vain,
No Favour could oblige, nor Loſs reſtrain,
E'er *Preſton* harbour'd whom Rebellion join'd?

Forth

Forth iſſuing from the North the frantick Crew
In ſporting Semblance the Mock-Chaſe purſue,
With ſerious Aim three Kingdoms to inſlave:
But when a martial Force their Banners ſpread,
With gallant *Wills* advancing at their Head,
Seiz'd with a ſudden Fright they Mercy crave.

That Fire extinguiſh'd, tho' new Heats ariſe,
Check'd in its Birth the bubling Ferment dies,
In vain the miter'd Agent fans the Flame:
Tho' Spider like the treacherous Loom he ſpread,
So thin's the Texture, and ſo fine the Thread,
That the leaſt Touch diſſolves the well-ſpun Frame.

Thou bold Fomenter of thy Country's Broils,
Tho' bitter be the Fruit of all thy Toils,
To die in Exile is thy gentler Fate:
How ſhould Example or Religion thrive,
When Prieſts, that ſhould be Guides, like *Jehu* drive,
Reſolv'd to govern, or o'erturn the State?

Now Jarrs abroad, and home-bred Quarrels ceaſe,
And *Gaul* exhauſted ſeeks a laſting Peace,
Deep rooted Hate to fœderal Friendſhip yields:
The wiſe Example gains the Nations round,
Peace, and her thriving Arts maintain their Ground,
While *George*'s ſteady Hand the Scepter wields.

But ah! what Roſe with Thorns uncircled grows,
Or where abides the Bliſs, unmix'd with Woes?
How tranſient too the firſt, while theſe remain!
Amidſt her ſhort-liv'd Joys *Britannia* weeps,
Robb'd of her darling Sons no Bounds ſhe keeps,
Like *Hecuba* ſhe howls, diſtracted with her Pain.

Thou, *Halifax*, lead'ſt up this Dance of Death,
Now mute, yet how ſonorous once thy Breath,
When ſtrong Perſuaſion dwelt upon thy Tongue!
Oft has thy piercing Speech in *Britain*'s Cauſe
Struck noiſy Faction dumb, and forc'd Applauſe,
While liſtning Senates on each Accent hung.

Nor was within thoſe Walls thy Worth confin'd,
The Gifts that flow'd from thy capacious Mind
In three ſucceſſive Reigns recorded ſtand:
To Honours rais'd, and fraught with Learning's Stores,
Thee every Science, every Muſe adores,
Fed or encourag'd by thy bounteous Hand.

Not all the Bleſſings, of which Courtiers dream,
The Higheſt Stations, and a King's Eſteem,
Could ſave thee, *Stanhope*, from an early Fate:
Tho' ſtricteſt Honour, Learning, Friendſhip, Fame
In War and Peace, conſpire to raiſe thy Name,
Such Aids avail not to prolong thy Date.

Yet ſtill thy Memory's to thy Country dear,
Thy Virtues live in every Boſom there,
Tranſcendent Worth, like thine, thy Name ſhall ſave:
Th' untainted Statesman, and th' unchanging Friend,
So rare in Nature, not with Nature end,
But reſcu'd by the Muſe ſurmount the Grave.

See *Churchill* too, whoſe bold, ſucceſsful Flame
Made Armies, wont to conquer, dread his Name,
Falls of himſelf to Time a deſtin'd Prey:
Ceaſe, *Albion*, then to mourn, ſince *Ammon's* Son,
Cæſar, and *Naſſau* the ſame Courſe have run,
And yet their Fame ſtill lives, unconſcious of Decay.

Tho' ſmall on Earth the Spot, which now contains
The once victorious *Marlborough's* laſt Remains,
His nobler Part to upper Skies withdraws:
There rais'd on Thrones his old, try'd Friends he meets,
The great *Godolphin*, *Somers*, *Stanhope* greets,
His Fellow-Champions in their Country's Cauſe.

Then mounting thro' the vaſt Expanſe of Light,
Swift, as a Falcon ſhoots, he wings his Flight,
To reach the Sphere, which ancient Patriots grace:
Timoleon, *Scipio*, *Cato* there he joins,
Himſelf, like *Phœbus*, in the Center ſhines,
And every Orb reſounds with his ſuperior Praiſe.

Still,

Still, mighty Spirit, tho' remov'd by Fate,
Thy ruling Influence guards thy Native State
From home-bred Faction, and the foreign Foe:
Secur'd by thee, th' illuſtrious *Brunſwick* Line
On *Albion*'s Throne ſhall unmoleſted ſhine,
While Liberty and Virtue breath below.

The Toils of Empire but increaſe their Care
Of *Albion*'s Safety, whether Peace or War
Turn out at laſt, in *Europe*'s Balance weigh'd:
Th' unbiaſs'd Mind, which ſound Reflection guides,
Smiles at the Lot, which Art or Chance decides,
While *Brunſwick* reigns, and *Britain* lends her Aid.

If War but threat, a hundred Veſſels ſpread
Their ſwelling Sheets o'er Ocean's foamy Bed,
And ſcour the Southern Seas, and Northern Coaſt:
The *Swede* protected ſaves a ſhatter'd Throne;
Th' invading *Ruſs* now trembles for his own,
And ſcarce the *Spaniard* of his Mines can boaſt.

What tho' *Gibraltar*, *Europe*'s utmoſt Bound,
For its known Strength and ſpacious Port Renown'd,
From jealous Foes, a double Siege ſuſtain:
In vain, tho' unprovok'd, they raſhly wage
Inſulting War, to ſooth a Woman's Rage,
Still ſhall the *Britiſh* Fort controul the Midland Main.

Tho'

Tho' late forgetful of his paſt Alarms,
Charles wiſely now reſpects *Britannia*'s Arms,
Thoſe Arms, to which his reſcued Crowns he owes:
Thoſe Arms, by which *Sicilia*'s fruitful Iſle
Renouncing *Victor*, ſwells th' Imperial Style,
And gives new Umbrage to aſpiring Foes.

George now he owns for *Europe*'s Safety nurs'd,
The Second, Brave, and Steady, like the Firſt,
As ſtrict Aſſertor of his People's Right:
And yet ſo mild, all gentle Arts he tries
To cloſe a Breach, whence fierce Contentions riſe,
E'er arming ſlow he meditate the Fight.

See now th' Effect of knowing to forbear,
Spain drops at once the long-impending War,
Old Leagues revive, and ſtrong Reſentments ceaſe:
A Turn ſo quick amazes Friends and Foes,
The well-concerted Act who dares oppoſe?
Charles weighs the great Event, then ſigns the Peace.

The Sanction ſettled now full Vigour gains,
And skreens from future Wars the *German* Plains,
While *Auſtrian* Rights to Female Heirs deſcend:
Young *Carlos* enters on mature Debate
Fair *Parma*'s Dutchy, and the *Tuſcan* State,
Thus long Diſputes in laſting Union end.

Hail, happy Period! now each Panick's o'er,
And Fleets and Armies fright the World no more,
What Tongue can all the Charms of Peace relate?
Thy Work, good *Harrington*, be thine the Praiſe,
For this the Royal Voice thy Name ſhall raiſe,
And truſt with thee the Secrets of the State.

Britannia, hail! whom, free from War's Alarms,
Auguſtus rules, and *Carolina* charms,
Alike deſerving of thy People's Truſt:
Which of thy beſt-lov'd Kings, by *Rapin* ſhewn
In ſtrong, reſembling Lights, e'er grac'd the Throne,
Like him, whoſe leaſt Deſert is to be Juſt?

To Empire call'd, he makes the Laws he found,
And long-eſtabliſh'd Rights, his utmoſt Bound,
Squares by this Golden Rule his Regal Sway:
Thus equal to his Truſt, thus truly Great,
He reigns th' indulgent Father of his State
O'er Subjects ſtriving who ſhall beſt obey.

His matchleſs Conſort, by ſtrict Conſcience led,
Prefers her *Brunſwick*'s to th' Imperial Bed,
Who doubts the Match was pre-ordain'd above?
Great Patroneſs of Arts, of ſweeteſt Frame,
What diſtant Region has not heard thy Fame,
Thy Rare Endowments, and Connubial Love?

To ſhew 'tis leſs to Reign, than to be Wiſe,
And that deep Science is the Nobler Prize,
An humble, ſilent *Grot*'s her lov'd Retreat:
Eſcap'd from Grandeur, and divorc'd from Care,
She haſtes to viſit Gueſts ſhe harbours there,
Whoſe marble Buſts adorn the ſylvan Seat.

And now revolving what their Works contain,
Earth, Seas, and Heavens ſhe meaſures o'er again,
Deſcries new Lights, which ancient Plans controul:
She fathoms every Depth they try'd before,
Extracts from each rich Mine the ſolid Ore,
Which anſwering to the Touch tranſports her raviſh'd Soul.

Th' unalter'd Laws of Nature here ſhe ſees,
And how each moral Duty ſprings from theſe,
Whence, and how varied, Good and Evil grow:
Unwearied in her Search ſhe finds at laſt
That Happineſs in ſtricteſt Truth is plac'd,
The ſacred Source, whence endleſs Bleſſings flow.

Hence too ſhe learns the moſt ſucceſsful Way
To govern Realms is by a gentle Sway
Vice to diſcourage, and Deſert to raiſe:
No Wonder then, when glad *Germania* ſhares
Her Lord's lov'd Preſence, and Paternal Cares,
She Rules at Home with univerſal Praiſe.

So when the Sun, whoſe Golden Beams produce
On Earth whatever is to Life of Uſe,
To bleſs the nether Regions takes his Flight:
Reſplendent *Luna* mounts the upper Skies,
His radiant Seat till his Return ſupplies,
And chears th' Horizon with her Silver Light.

Inchanting *Richmond!* of whoſe awfull Cell
Apollo's choſen Sons ſuch Wonders tell,
Without all ſimple, but within divine:
Tho' waſting Time thy lofty Heights ſhall raze,
And hide in Ruins thy delightful Face,
Not the *Cumæan* Cave more laſting proves than Thine.

From ſo Auguſt a Stock a ſevenfold Race
Springs forth, adorn'd with every Princely Grace,
Rejoice each *Briton* at a Sight ſo Rare:
Their eldeſt *Frederick*, in Succeſſion firſt,
For Worth and Honour ſhews a noble Thirſt,
And ſtrives to merit Crowns he late ſhall wear.

When his great Parents left their native Soil
To bleſs and to protect the *Britiſh* Iſle,
How was this Pledge ador'd they left behind!
To *Albion* call'd, with what a winning Grace,
His Father's Image ſtampt upon his Face,
He captivated ſoon each Subject's Mind!

Sweet-natur'd, Liberal, Courteous, and Sincere,
No Wonder if the *Wallian* Prince appear
The Hope of Kingdoms, and of Courts the Pride:
At his throng'd Circle, Joy dilates each Breaſt,
To ſee him treat each Subject as a Gueſt,
And throw engaging Smiles on every Side.

Next *William* ſhoots in a well-ſeaſon'd Bloom,
A ſure Preſage of Golden Fruits to come,
Such as by *Pointz* ingrafted ripen faſt:
Beſt Nature in the lovely Youth is found,
His Genius ſprightly, and his Judgment ſound,
And Learning ſpreads by his Example grac'd.

Of Port Majeſtick, but of Aſpect ſweet,
Then *Anna* comes, with every Charm replete,
Imperial *Juno* moves with ſuch an Air:
Amelia next appears to gild the Scene,
In Brightneſs vying with the *Cyprian* Queen,
When *Jove* pronounc'd her Faireſt of the Fair.

Now *Caroline* ſucceeds, by all allow'd
Mild, gracious, prudent, eager to do Good,
Another *Pallas* in her Form deſcends:
Mary, *Louiſa* follow, ſweeteſt Pair,
If in their Morning Dawn they riſe ſo Fair,
What dazling Light their Noon-tide Fires attends!

Theſe precious Gifts, from whence her Safety grows,
To thee, Heroick *William*, *Britain* owes,
To thee, her great Deliverer, when oppreſs'd:
Such Bleſſings to ſecure, the Royal Pair
Commits them, *Walpole*, to thy watchful Care,
Thou Firſt of Stateſmen, and of Friends the Beſt.

Thy firm Attachment to thy Country's Cauſe
In Times of Trial, claims her juſt Applauſe,
Nor leſs in happier Days reſounds thy Fame:
Tho' grac'd by two ſucceſſive Kings Thou ſoar
To Heights no Commoner e'er reach'd before,
What Voice but Envy's can thy Conduct blame?

And if ſour Spleen, or headſtrong Party tries
To ſtain that Worth thy very Rivals prize,
How doth Thy *Tullian* Tongue their Wiles confound!
And tho' in twice five Years one Point they gain
Beyond their Hopes, they launce their Darts in vain,
Short is Their Triumph, whilſt Thou keep'ſt thy Ground.

Whither, miſtaken *Britons*, would you tend?
And whence proceed your Clamours without End?
What frightful, wild *Chimera's* haunt your Doors?
Truth's ever calm, and like deep Rivers glides
Serenely ſmooth, unruffled by the Tides,
While Falſhood, like a ſhallow Torrent, roars.

Be this your Touchſtone, and 'twill ſoon diſcloſe
Who are your Real Friends, and who your Foes,
Which Party to embrace, and which to ſhun:
Diſpel vain Fears, and tho' to Change too prone,
You'll find no Nation Happy like your Own,
You ne'er can be but by your ſelves undone.

A Peace with ſuch Allies, obſerv'd with Care,
Shall more avail than all the Views of War,
Make *Gaul* reflouriſh, tho' reduc'd ſo low:
Diſputes in Church and State ferment in vain,
The ſtubborn Senate drags an Exile's Chain,
And dexterous *Fleury* wards th' unguarded Blow.

But ſhould War's Arts o'er thoſe of Peace prevail
At laſt, what Chance can ſave us, if we fail?
What Power, like *Anna* once, will *Gaul* befriend?
Can the moſt heated *Roman* Faith preſume
Upon a ſecond Miracle to come,
Or that another War would like the Former end?

Nor think, tho' *Marlborough*, late of *Gaul* the Dread,
Be number'd now among the peaceful Dead,
That Hope revives, or Danger threats no more:
Still many a *Britiſh* Chief, of deathleſs Name,
Still *Cobham*, *Wade*, *Argyle* maintain their Fame,
And under *Martial George* would conquer as before.

Here clos'd the circled Form, confeſt to Sight,
Then darted upwards in a Stream of Light,
As when ſome Meteor ſhoots along the Skies:
Then rouze, my Prince, and bid farewell to Care,
With coſtly Offerings to the Shrine repair,
Where the Protector-Saint in balmy Odour lies.

F I N I S.

Here

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